



"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

THINGS TO THINK OF. IDOLISM—

INFIDELITY.

Of Infidelity there are many plases, and society as well as individuals are too apt to apply the epithet to all those who differ from them in their particular phase of religious belief. For freedom in religious belief is, however liberal in political things, a thing not to be thought of. For well the church knows that freedom in faith would liberate the world from the curse of conventional formality. All other dominant religions as well as the Christian, the Bramin, Mahomedan, &c., are pleased to bandy that pretty epithet infidel, and charge each other, because differing in particular views, for even in these creeds there are divisions and subdivisions, with Infidelity or heresy. History has shown us a black page when relating the course pursued by the Catholic church. What seas of blood have flowed upon the arbitrary dicta of the priesthood, often because of an unimportant deviation. It is not sufficient for men to worship God after their own fashions, and although any professed theory is founded on the gospels, it is insufficient, unless the belief is that propounded by the church. Small deviations have been termed heresies; great movements Infidelity, until when has softened the asperity the severance caused, then the gentler phrase of heresy is applied. The sects of the Christian church although they bandy the phrase heretic among themselves, yet unite in one distinctive notion as to what Infidelity is, and this distinctive is adhered to unless when some great movement arises and shakes the old pedestal to the foundation. The Lutheran movement was such an one, Spiritualism is another. It is then, the whole of the divisions and sects unite in an universal cry, not of heresy but of Infidelity, even although the new phase of thought has its foundation in the New Testament. The theory, be it what it may, differs from the generally received notions of the church. That word the church, "dearie me," what a power it has; men who a moment before would fight like two cats coiled in a bag, for tenets unimportant to salvation, forget their animosities, because of the cry of danger to the church is raised, and although divided in opinion perhaps as far as the North and South, yet they call themselves of the church, cloaking their pride under the modest denomination dissent. Distinctions on the cry being raised are for the time forgotten, and all unite against that which threatens to topple down the cracked and nodding edifice become rotten through error and age. The purity of the tenets professed is nothing to the church goers, no matter what the evidences may be which can be adduced in support of the belief. This is nothing, the whole is to be condemned, crushed, the reproach of Infidel is then given, for this is a phrase which deters many from avowing particular opinions, however true they may believe they are, and all arts but examination and reason are tried, but still the Infidelity flourishes when based on reason. The course pursued against the Protestant religion by the Romish church would, if the power was possessed, be pursued by the whole of the so-called Christian church, Catholic, Protestant, Universal, Unitarian, Wesleyans, Jumers, Shakers, Quakers, Baptists, and if I were to write all the sectarian names, I fear the whole sheet would not contain them. However, they all become working bees, when the new truth threatens the old hive. They unite in abuse, "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and Spiritualism is assailed; no pains are taken, no enquiries made. It spreads rapidly—truth usually does—that was enough—it is a delusion, and its votaries are by the charitably disposed of church men styled insane men, and yet Spiritualism is built upon the same foundation as every sect of the christian church, not going to individual sects for particular things, but take the gospel as a broad foundation, and say, here upon this rock we found our faith, church if you will.

It must be admitted there are amongst us those who reject the Bible and its revelations, unless where in particular instances it can be shaped to suit particular views. But this accepting a part of the Bible and rejecting another part—without an attempt to reconcile the seeming impossibility—not applying the reasoning faculty to ascertain which is precept, which is fact, which is illustration, or which is allegory—must strike every thinking mind as an anomaly. When Spiritualists reject the Bible, upon what evidence shall they rely? Upon the manifestations they are daily witnessing? It would appear that if these manifestations have any significance, surely those which must have resulted from the same power cannot be disregarded. It does not follow because they appear to be wrought with greater power that therefore they cannot be true, raising a ponderable body without visible means is as great an abruption of natural law as the falling of the walls of Jericho, or raising the dead, all equally unexplainable by any knowledge of natural law we possess. The sun and moon standing still, because not to be ex-

plained by any law human or divine, if we receive it as a figure of speech denoting the activity and energy of the Jewish soldiers upon the particular occasion, then reasonable. We say we rely upon reason and account for the natural impossibilities we encounter by calling on the aid of Spirits. We say they are the motive agent, and say so because we are supported by evidence. They give accurate descriptions of the forms they see, describing persons they have never consciously known, and telling the names they bore when inhabitants of the earth; and so we find the same things with the writing media, names of strangers to them are signed to communications. These are the simple things without going into extraordinary narratives, upon which we found our belief of the presence of the spirits of departed friends; such evidence upon any other fact less pressing, and of a worldly nature, by the world would not for a moment be doubted, and yet there are those amongst us who although they believe in the very phase of circumstance, yet reject the Bible revelations, because of it being a narrative without exercising the reason—Faith the receiving and believing when the reason has been exercised. So when faith has being, a higher development would seem to have being—Why should Spiritualists arrive in this detestable emulation? Why should the one desire to be thought above his fellow? Why ape the world and follow after its dictates? Why let the external man have sway? Why call their little passions into action? Do they not know the very end and object of Spiritualism is to sweep away the petty distinctions man has raised. To make humanity through the Spiritual power inherent in each soul, stand on the same broad plane looking to God as the only origin and source of all material and Spiritual being. If they do not know this, then have they the very commencing step, the primal element of their faith to learn, and when they know this, then will they practice it, and present the heart as a Spiritual altar, *the soul being*, the priest, pure and undefiled, and then acceptable to the infinite essence. But until they do this, they present a material altar for sacrifice, the officiating priest, self; self adulation the fruit and the prayer, to what God then do they offer their adorations? Is not this retrogression? Is it not sin? and are they not to reap its wages? If selfish feelings are the end of their faith, then self is their God—Finite! Finite! only man.

This little episode will be pardoned, because the object of writing should be the elicitation of truth, and it can only be known by showing men that they truly are. The observations were not dictated by a censorious Spirit, but arose rather from the presence of feelings, seeing as the writer does, that they are on a higher plane of development, thus openly showing their preference for the darling little idol Self, whose altar is their own heart, rather than for the pure truth, humility, the characteristic of every real seeker for truth. If self adulation is all the Spirits can teach, it would appear reasonable that the sooner such teachings, judging by the effects too often produced, cease, the better it would be for their scholars, the better for the world, for it is only another phase, or perhaps the same phase of that beautiful little idol self, which in past ages has lighted the torches of persecution. If a medium happens to have rendered active the organs of constructiveness and ideality, and when under influence is enabled to draw, then are these drawings shown with the smirk of conceit, and yet these drawings though curious as being made by a person unlearned, bear few of the characteristics of the true artist—Some it has been our lot to see, and have heard much lauded too, but these laudations reminded us very forcibly how necessary would be Hamlet's advice to the players, presented under a different phase. The drawings to which I particularly allude, are done after that style termed (if I remember rightly,) Poonah painting, but then, how short they fall of those produced by the merest mechanism. Art is a sublime thing, and never yet was acquired in its perfection at a single leap any more than was any other department of knowledge—There may be innate powers in the mind which particular circumstances have called into being; but perfectness was never attained in any particular without study and a knowledge of the particular rules—the result of experience; this the media appear to have lost sight of, and the injudicious praise of their friends awakes the little idol which is ever ready for adulation. The poet has a natural genius, yet he never attains to excellence without a knowledge of the construction of language and the rules of grammar, however high may be his inspiration. And when wonders have been spoken of, what is the too often remark we hear? "If I were to tell what I know, I could tell greater things." If then persons know these things, and have a reverence for the cause and desire to promote it, why do they not tell their experience?—Because that little self thinks it gains an importance by the assumption of a knowledge not shared with its fellows. In reason, it must be an axiom that any departure from that we conceive to be a natural law is quite as expressive as the greatest wonder; and it then follows, the manifestations of facts are all of one degree, and therefore, one man so far as the simple facts are concerned, is on no higher plane than another. The question then presents itself, what is development, what is the higher plane? Shall not the answer be the application of these facts by the powers of reason? He who can reason then on the facts he knows has the greater elevation, the greater development; for if we do not reason, however stupendous may be the things presented to us, we still continue where we were. What greater manifestation is there than the mystery of creation, the sequences of existence; we know these things are, because they are the every day events of experience, and believe in, and yet admit the eternal duration of matter. This is a thing they cannot have seen, so an admission of a something of which the senses of life time cannot be cognizant; but then they say,

A manifestation narrated and witnessed by a truthful man is received as a fact, then the seer and hearer are on the same plane, the evidence is the same to each of them, the one knows because he has seen, the other knows because he believes the truth has been spoken, and yet, both may be deceived! Many wonders have been witnessed, and many amongst us have hadocular demonstrations of their presence, and we receive their say so because supported by evidence. They give accurate descriptions of the forms they see, describing persons they have never consciously known, and telling the names they bore when inhabitants of the earth; and so we find the same things with the writing media, names of strangers to them are signed to communications. These are the simple things without going into extraordinary narratives, upon which we found our belief of the presence of the spirits of departed friends; such evidence upon any other fact less pressing, and of a worldly nature, by the world would not for a moment be doubted, and yet there are those amongst us who although they believe in the very phase of circumstance, yet reject the Bible revelations, because of it being a narrative without exercising the reason—Faith the receiving and believing when the reason has been exercised. So when faith has being, a higher development would seem to have being—Why should Spiritualists arrive in this detestable emulation? Why should the one desire to be thought above his fellow? Why ape the world and follow after its dictates? Why let the external man have sway? Why call their little passions into action? Do they not know the very end and object of Spiritualism is to sweep away the petty distinctions man has raised. To make humanity through the Spiritual power inherent in each soul, stand on the same broad plane looking to God as the only origin and source of all material and Spiritual being. If they do not know this, then have they the very commencing step, the primal element of their faith to learn, and when they know this, then will they practice it, and present the heart as a Spiritual altar, *the soul being*, the priest, pure and undefiled, and then acceptable to the infinite essence. But until they do this, they present a material altar for sacrifice, the officiating priest, self; self adulation the fruit and the prayer, to what God then do they offer their adorations? Is not this retrogression? Is it not sin? and are they not to reap its wages? If selfish feelings are the end of their faith, then self is their God—Finite! Finite! only man.

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science has shown matter to be undestructible, for when destroyed in one form it exists in another, here then is an admission of the right to reason, analogically. Now for the sake of argument we may, mind is matter? the animal frame is matter, yet with different functions, the one is sentient, the other merely animate. The animal frame is passing away and is renewed each moment, but not so the mind, it receives additions but never loses that it had, and this we know, because long forgotten events are recalled upon the presentations of particular circumstances. We see that knowledge grows, and that which the mind rejects, it is still not the less conscious of; but that which passes from the body passes never to return. We gain flesh, but it is by the addition of particles, which particles themselves pass off. A computation has been made that the body changes its particles every seven or ten years, passing in elemental forms and enters into new combinations, this change we do not find in the mind; new opinions may be arowed, but the old ones not less exist. If we follow the argument as it is sometimes presented, that mind and matter are the same, and so commingled, that, that which impairs the body, impairs the mind, thus showing as it is said, the connection, then it would follow that the mind would pass with the animal matter of the frame, for if mind and matter are one, then each atom is sentient, then has each man an infinity of existences all sentient, for then the rule, all things equal in themselves are equal to each other, has force, then all their feelings and sentiments are multiplied, and so their existence is in a myriad of forms rather than in one concentrated whole, an existence without of which they are not conscious, and yet consciousness passes with the material particles of the body. But this view is altogether a fallacy, and is rejected by the better informed of the infidel brethren, for with them there are grades of intelligence, and this makes the matter more surprising, and yet in fact, only shows that intelligence is one thing, and reflection is another. When a man is sick or bowed beneath the load of years, the mind is not impaired, but the currents by which its will is conveyed are, for if the mind was impaired, then it could only gain its original powers by additions, yet we see immediately the presence of sickness is removed, the mind regains its elasticity; in other words, when the wants of the machinery through which the mind imparts its will have regained their pristine use: so in old age, the functional powers of will are impaired but not the will, for there are moments even in the most advanced age, when the mind beans out in all the lustre it had when youth, and health and energy were the harmony. The pen was taken to discuss some phase of infidelity, and to enquire into its nature, the subject of self was presented and pursued, because it is felt that self is the very element of infidelity, and so applicable to the subject. Besides, it is impossible to correct our errors unless we know them, and men because of self cannot see the surface of the mirror in its undimmed splendor, but when the lines and angularities of human nature are presented in a kindly Spirit, those who reflect will be able to discern the truthful image, to see themselves.

The infidel, and this is a definition upon which all creeds unite, is a one who denies the existence of God and the immortality of the human soul—This state of mind, many possess it, has arisen not so much from the absence of intelligence as from a condensed effort of the reasoning faculty. For the purpose of argument, it will be conceded that in all minds there is an intuitive desire to rely upon something higher than themselves, and when it is stated that infidelity or atheism has in a degree its origin from this power, the proposition may perhaps be viewed with suspicion, yet it may not therefore be the less true, and Infidelity (when a man has reasoned at all on the nature of Spiritual things,) is occasioned too often by the vibration of those intuitive chords of the mind which have become agitated because of the education which has been imparted in early days, unaccompanied by the necessary evidence of the truth of the proposition then given, or it may be as the mind has advanced along the path of life, certain conclusions have been adopted which the evidence of the mind has afterwards been able to collect has not sanctioned. There are also cases of Infidelity which have arisen from the absence of all education, or after enquiry upon these subjects. But in all phases, the same arguments are held; the same propositions adduced for solution. We, who believe we have substantial evidences of the soul's immortality, may perhaps wonder how any other person can be ignorant of them, because so easy of attainment, but this should excite pity rather than hostility, because of the fallibility of man—Some it has been our lot to see, and have heard much lauded too, but these laudations reminded us very forcibly how necessary would be Hamlet's advice to the players, presented under a different phase. The drawings to which I particularly allude, are done after that style termed (if I remember rightly,) Poonah painting, but then, how short they fall of those produced by the merest mechanism. Art is a sublime thing, and never yet was acquired in its perfection at a single leap any more than was any other department of knowledge—There may be innate powers in the mind which particular circumstances have called into being; but perfectness was never attained in any particular without study and a knowledge of the particular rules—the result of experience; this the media appear to have lost sight of, and the injudicious praise of their friends awakes the little idol which is ever ready for adulation. The poet has a natural genius, yet he never attains to excellence without a knowledge of the construction of language and the rules of grammar, however high may be his inspiration. And when wonders have been spoken of, what is the too often remark we hear? "If I were to tell what I know, I could tell greater things." If then persons know these things, and have a reverence for the cause and desire to promote it, why do they not tell their experience?—Because that little self thinks it gains an importance by the assumption of a knowledge not shared with its fellows. In reason, it must be an axiom that any departure from that we conceive to be a natural law is quite as expressive as the greatest wonder; and it then follows, the manifestations of facts are all of one degree, and therefore, one man so far as the simple facts are concerned, is on no higher plane than another. The question then presents itself, what is development, what is the higher plane? Shall not the answer be the application of these facts by the powers of reason? He who can reason then on the facts he knows has the greater elevation, the greater development; for if we do not reason, however stupendous may be the things presented to us, we still continue where we were. What greater manifestation is there than the mystery of creation, the sequences of existence; we know these things are, because they are the every day events of experience, and believe in, and yet admit the eternal duration of matter. This is a thing they cannot have seen, so an admission of a something of which the senses of life time cannot be cognizant; but then they say,

false trappings, and to reveal their hideous wickedness and deformity. Feeling that I could never attain the full stature of the Spiritual Man under such influences, I left the Church, and was seeking for good as an individual and self-responsible being. When the dream occurred I had been exercised in this way for nearly two years. I was sleeping alone, but dreamed that there was a young man in bed with me. We were at a public house, as I dreamed, and in the night were wakened by screams and a great noise outside. I arose and looked out of the window, when I beheld in the distance a most terrible scene, like a prairie on fire. The rolling waves, red and glaring advanced, spreading far and wide, and lighting the country for miles around with the lurid blaze.

As soon as the young man in bed with me beheld the danger, he proposed that we should wrap ourselves up in wet blankets. I told him that would be of no use, and urged him, as the only means of safety, to go out at once, and meet the danger manfully. He shrank from this, and the last I saw of him, he lay enveloped in the wet blankets with which he had clothed himself. I threw on my clothes quickly as possible, and hurried into the street. On the corner a large crowd of men, women and children were gathering together. Some were seeking to escape by running over the hill, but before they reached the summit, the rolling eyes of the Fire-Fiend stared them in the face. Others were kneeling with an attempt to pray; while others still were weeping and wringing their hands, with cries and shrieks, and the most piteous moans.

I told them to stop and try to help themselves in some other way, that prayers would not arrest the fire—it was coming, and we must try to stop it—or at the least meet it with resolution. But they were overwhelmed with the terrible anguish of their fears. I tried to encourage them, telling them to stand up and meet the foe, but in vain.

Higher and higher rose the flames, until the sky was reddened with their light. Nearer and nearer swept the flood, with a deep hollow roar, like that of an angry sea, but infinitely more terrible. As it came near enough for them to feel the heat, they grew frantic. And when at length it really came on to us, the struggles, screams, screeches and groans increased to such a degree as baffles all description. It was one chaotic mass of unmitigated agony.

At length this horrible uproar became less and less violent. The red waves rolled and rolled on, at length passing far away. The fire was seen in the distance like a cloud. I was left alone amid silence and utter desolation. The people were all gone. Every thing was swept from the earth. Not a human being—not a tree—not a leaf or bare stick had escaped. Every thing was consumed.

The general view is that although mind (not to speak of soul) is material, yet it is of a different constitution to that of the body and is separable, then if separable, it must have an independent existence, either partitioned in its mentality or existing as a whole. It is a natural question what becomes of it? for if the material composing the body has existence, surely the mind also exists!

This is viewing the question without speaking of Spirit or soul, we believe existence has form, because we cannot suppose an existence without form, for atomic conformations so far as scientific analysis has arrived at a conclusion finds the conformation identical in each element. We have arrived at a mental separate existence, it were then it would seem an easy step to a Spiritual or soul existence: perhaps on arriving at this conclusion, it were admitting but little to say mind is material, but not in the sense of matter, and by contact impresses the soul and then departs, the soul has its impress, and the thought which is the thing departs on its mission, and impresses other souls, hence the coincidents we observe, the identification of thoughts in different individuals.

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Space will not permit me to pursue the theme at this time, but that which is written if it affords food for reflection, the object of the writing is gained. An opportunity of renewing the investigation will be taken.

S. B.

ALLEGORICAL DREAM.

The following very remarkable and somewhat romantic dream was taken from the lips of the dreamer himself, a young man of unquestionable integrity, as well as fine intellect. He thinks that already a considerable portion of it has been exemplified in his own life, which it is easy to see that certain great principles of truth and right are distinctly shadowed forth.

F. H. G.

In the year 1843, while in Preston, Ontario Co., New York, the following dream occurred:

perfect human beings, made one, complete in physical structure, in affection, heart, mind and soul—the completeness embracing the elements of all that can procure happiness here and hereafter, a union for to-day—to-morrow—forever—eternity. Such is all true marriage.

When our emotions had so far subsided as to admit of speech, I drew her gently to a mossy bank, that skirted a little stream, and there we sat down together. By her request I told my story; and she only said in reply: "This also is mine." And thus, in this great sympathy of a common experience, we were drawn more nearly, more dearly together. How a delightful calm overspread all our thoughts; and hand in hand we walked thro' our beautiful Eden, surveying its wealth and loveliness together. And when we sat down again under the shadow of an unbranched tree, angels with dove-wings seemed to be resting in our bosoms, so pure and holy were our thoughts.

Thus we sat, still hand in hand silent, unless the informing looks that sped from one to the other might be considered speech, until a sound of harmony unlike any thing we had ever before heard, arrested our attention. It was not like the music of either voice or instrument, but as if the air itself had been inspired by an intelligent sweetness, that knew and interpreted our own thoughts.

Looking up, we beheld a form approaching us, walking in the clear light, which fell sloping off, making an oblique path from Heaven. As the form drew nearer, we saw it was a female robed in white, and of the most lustrous beauty.

With a stately yet benignant air, she paused at a little distance, and with a gentle waving of the hand, she spoke: "Children, I have come to relieve you of this great wonder. You two only are saved—served for the purpose of being united, that you may live together. Behold all these good things are committed to your care. Prove yourselves trust-worthy in all. Every thing is now in good order. Let all be kept so. Let only the good and healthy seed be sown, and you will have a full harvest. So shall the vegetation of the Earth be regenerated. Behold all this beautiful order, and preserve it. You are to live together as man and wife; for man and wife you are.

Then when we expressed some doubts in regard to the moral propriety of the measure, she said: "I have come to unite you. Dismiss all anxiety, and bear my charge; for as a minister of God and Good, I have power to sanctify your union, and that simply because I inform you that it is sanctified by its very being. If it existed it is holy; but if it does not exist, no form of speech or writing—no power of word or parchment can give it being. It is right and well in the social state to publish and proclaim these ties, that men may understand and respect them; but to publish does not create them."

Thus saying, she laid a hand on each of our bowed-down heads, and in her blessing we felt a confirmation of her words. We were wedded. After a brief silence she again resumed:

"I shall not be far off. Call on me whenever you need counsel. Be true to the beautiful laws of Nature; and Earth, and all her fruits and animals, and man, shall be regenerated with continually finer forms and ascending types of being. Your children, like all you see, will be wealthy and perfect. Be faithful, and all is well. The fear that you have passed through is fear. This is the evil that is destroying so many. Teach your children this. Educate them in the perfect Love that casteth out Fear, and if possible allow no fear to be manifested before them. So shall the rising generation be re-created pure; and only the laws of Nature which include all development—all morals—all religion—shall be required for the government of men."

Even while I listened to her benediction, which seemed to flow into the silence as she ceased speaking, the interior presence was gone.

I awoke, I beheld in my dream a picture of Human Progression—the struggles, triumphs and solution—the living faith, and the vital action, that are surely bearing us on to a peaceful and glorious Future.

SKELETON ESSAY.

THE DESTINY OF SPIRIT.

All mental effort should be concentrated into this reflection, that the demonstrative evidence and action of mind in the world, is but the fulfillment of a law in the grand economy of Nature. It can have no higher trust, nor can it be governed by true intuitions. Nature is only aiming at the establishment of her laws of intellection, and she usually succeeds amidst the most disqualifying opposition. Authorship, conception in poetry and philosophy, and not less in science, are governed by this strong spring and spur of immortality. The poet wings his flight into the realm of the ideal by the same appropriateness of election. The priest proffers upon the altar his prayer of reason and of faith under the spell of the same universal law. Genius and creation, and prophecy awaken their energy under the same impulsion. The soul derives its chief support in thus glorifying itself, and by its own unfettered medium is made most quickly to comprehend that language which God speaks to the reason of man. It wins its crown of light, and is refreshed and expanded in the thought that those indelible traits which are so imperishable, are the bounties which enter into the grand harmony of the Infinite, and is of all other memorials the most important and valuable.

This is giving to mind a solemn function, and claiming for it a high province. If this be its office, why is there not a higher development of the spirit? Why does it not burn like a beacon of fire amidst the waves and tempests, alluring the thought of the age from terrestrial to celestial communion, and guiding it from any influence which is in collision with these laws? Simply because this intention of Nature is perverted and her designs thwarted. Insolent and impudent obstacles break in upon the relations of Nature, and negative her merit, and crush to earth the power of truth.

We should receive such psychological demonstration divested of all association with the mere human—as the voice of the spirit, not of man—as an offering to the grand and silent ages of eternity, whose prompter is the Supreme and Transcending Spirit. It is the soul hastening to communicate what it has conceived, and it glides from its majestic temple, leaves its house of clay, to speak the universal language and creed of Nature to the universal heart.

In the world of mind, Nature is varying constantly from the human to the divine. The calm and contemplative happiness which the spirit of poetry and philosophy confer, and the depth of imagination and reason which one true seen may possess, may win perhaps millions to the inheritance of immortality. Their souls take light through the single medium, just as we all have refuge in our Massabiela atonement. His spirit is animated to massiveness, and from a certainty that its own proper colors, which according your own ad-

and prepare them for admission into that sacred region of thought, and fix those realizations which confirm the worth of spiritual intelligence. Nature and God then are the symbols and adjuncts of mind. The best record of their union is the glory which genius creates, and the deathless and immeasurable benefits it confers. All other passions waste themselves, and cloy and pall upon the appetite, but the fire of mind is never spent. Its ashes stir with an unseen life, and break into flame, illuminating the precincts, and laying bare the unreckoned treasure of her teeming world.

These traits take their place in the early philosophies, and they were turned to high religious and political account in forming the national characteristics of the ancients. In all we only see the fulfillment of the destiny of mind and spirit.

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow
Ein the Footsteps of their Labora; i

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1855.

ROBERT OWEN AND THE WORLD'S CONVENTION.

We published some months since a "CALL" for a World's Convention to be held on the 14th of May in London, written and sent forth by that well known philanthropist, whose name heads this article. Since then, we have received the first and second edition of a Report that gives the details of a great preliminary meeting held on the 1st of January, 1855.

The following extract from the introduction to the second edition, will explain the grounds and give part of the reasons Mr. Owen has in mind for calling this meeting and the convention.

It is now very naturally asked—On what ground do Mr. Owen present his "Call" for the near approach of the Human Existence?

I reply—On the strongest possible grounds for the coming of any event which has not actually arrived:

1st—For the creation of the millionists now exist in superlity.

2d—Because the knowledge has been given by which to arrange these materials to create a full millennial state of existence over the globe. This is the highest interest of every one living, or who may hereafter live, that this state should commence and progress in the shortest possible time, now that the knowledge of it is given.

3d—Because all who have studied the history of the past, and are conscientious of the existing state of society, must confess that the world is in a state of direst disorganization, and that in consequence society in all countries is disatisfied, and is longing for some great change, for which it has been in preparation, and is now in active progress of development.

The first question that now is asked is—How is this to be accomplished?

2d—By the cordial union of the human race; and there is no other mode under Heaven by which it can be attained.

The past and present system of the world is based on dissatisfied, discontented, and disorganized millions, and on consequent repulsion between individuals and nations. This dissension and repulsion must be individual and national.

This must be said—but who can make this change, and create the union?

1st—Not any of the religions of the world; for they hate each other, and are the instruments of governments of the world, which are opposed to each other, in language, manners, prejudices, and supposed interests. Not any class; for there is no fellowship between any one and all the others. Not any party; for every party is composed of all the others, and is in opposition to all other parties, even to those of the same religion, and often more violently than to those of the other.

2d—Not the Devil; for the Devil is the author of all evil.

3d—Not the Devil; for the Devil is the author of all evil.

4th—Not any class, sect, or party; for every one is in opposition to all other classes, sects, and parties.

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AN INVOCATION.

BY S. B.

Glory to thee Oh God, Eternal First,
By whom the impulse of the heart is nurt
Whose power made all—whose emanations flies
And maketh man with all his wisdom—wise.
Thou art the power of good, ill cannot be
In aught which hath its source in purity,
Alone Supreme, Eternal, Present, First,
Whose will hath fashion'd all the things of dust,
Thy word was all—ever stood confus'd,
Man made by thee—his head—he then was bless'd.

Oh! let thy love descend, and then the light
Of thy bright essence makes creation bright,
And there where deadly evil sets enthron'd
In seeming light—there where thy power disown'd,
Make all the darkness from its surface flee,
That it may emulate thy verity.
Thou art all good; evil in the heart
Too long has sway'd the thought by deadly art.
Cleanse then the heart, and oh, it then shall be
As of thyself through SOUL AFFINITY.

Years long have rolled since first creation's dawn
Burst o'er the earth, when lights soft being born
Show'd all the splendor of creative pow'r,
It liv'd, and breath'd in brightness, 'till the hour
When man in daring thought aspired to be
Free in each act, and disregarded thee,
The blackning shadows of the night then spread
Man then saw death and flew from death in dread,
But now again thy radiant light unroll'd.
Would gather man again to heaven's own fold,

Awake our hearts that we may hear the voice,
Whose silent prompting shall the soul rejoice,
Make us to know thy parent care is here,
And guarding angels in thy love are near,
Make us to feel our being is but thine,
And by thy laws only can we shine,
Make us to realize within the soul
That thou art all, and all is thy control,
Then shalt we worship by the reason's pow'r,
And bless thee—God, that LIFE was given our dowl.

Without thine help, our effort—oh! how frail—
Without thine effulgence, but the sorrowing wail
Can echo from the heart, for light is not,
Man flies to man—thy being is forgot,
The cloud upon the heart—what then is man
And his haught pow'r? Can he thy wisdom span?
Attn' our ears, and let the Spirit song
Mingling in life, to life then shall then belong,
Then man enthranched from the earthly stain
But passes then this vale of tears—for gain,
New York. March 29, 1855.

[For the Christian Spiritualist]

MINISTRATION OF HOPE AND FAITH.

Oh lady! wipe thy weeping eyes,
Why should despair so blind their sight?
See yonder in the redning skies
Wrestles the all controlling light;
Angels to minister relief
Are bending from the calm above;
Oh, may this cank'ring chilling grief
Yield to the influence of their love.

Oh lady! very well I know
Thy inner life is clouded o'er,
By a benumbing, sickening woe,
Thou pull'st a cur'ning screen before,
And with light tones most musical,
Thou seek'st each su'r'r's way to cheer,
To lift from every heart the thral
That crippled and confines it here.

A heavenly prophecy I bear
Upon my Spirit lips;
Thou canst discern the ocean where
Its silvery wing it dips.
This is that strength, a strength divine,
Shall conquer this but seeming doon,
And that assurance shall be thine
Which but to struggling souls can come.

Already, hath the darkness flung
Aside her mantle grey,
And though the dawning be so young,
'Twill culminate to day.
Be patient, there shall be born
The triumph to thy struggling soul;
And the dark demon hence be torn
That seeks thy innocent to control.

Divin' joys my Spirit fill
While thus I look behind the screen;
Thy future, is spread out as still
And quiet as the deep serene.
As thus thy present now I scan,
With a most earnest Spirit glance,
My bro's the wings of angels fan,
And still more deep becomes the trance.

A Spirit form is near us now,
Of manly presence, proud and bold,
The language of his ample brow
Is full of histories untold.
Gently he holds thee to his heart,
Gently his arms thy form enfold,
And the blest presence doth impart
To thee a prescience manifold.

No longer weak, thou standest up,
Thy strengthened heart hath lost its doubt,
Smiling, thou drinkest of the cup
The angel of thy life pours out,
Strength born of weakness shall be thine,
Hope from the anguish of despair;
The faith and trust of love divine
Shall all the erring past repair.

SP RITS TALKING ALOUD AND BAKING PANCAKES.

The following is the article read and commented on in the Conference of Friday evening, by Mr. Benning, the facts of which are remarkable, not only for their character, but also for the method by which they get before the public. With the majority, when a thing is sworn to, all further doubt as to the faith of such person is at an end, without it can be proved that insanity or perjury enters largely into the making of the testimony.

We hope, therefore, the example will be imitated, since no doubt there are thousands of honest skeptics who think the believers in Spiritualism imagine these facts, and in some sort believe them, but in such a loose and indistinct way, as to qualify before the solemnity of an oath; so completely do the facts and statements contradict the assumptions of science and positive philosophy.

The result, if consistently adhered to by honest and intelligent minds, will not only correct this opinion, but make modesty marketable among the knowing ones. —En. Ch. S. T.

[From the Spiritual Universe.]

HARTFORD, Trumbull Co., Ohio, Jan. 8, 1855. S. W. SMITH, Esq.—Dear Sir: The facts given in the inclosed affidavit of John Richardson are of public notoriety here, and can no doubt be sustained by any amount of evidence. You are at liberty to make any use of the affidavits you choose.

Wm. J. BRIGHT.

The State of Ohio, Trumbull County, ss.—Before me, Wm. J. Bright, a Justice of the Peace in and for the county aforesaid, personally came John Richardson, who, being duly sworn, deposes as follows: I am a resident of Pamyutumany township, Mercer county, Pa., live four miles east of the centre of Hartford, Ohio; have lived where I now reside some nine months. About five weeks ago my attention was arrested by a sharp and loud whistle, seemingly in a small closet in one corner of my house. This was followed by loud and distinct raps, as loud as a person could conveniently rap with the knuckles. The closet-door is secured or fastened by a wood-button that turns over the edge of the door. This button would frequently turn, and the door open, without any visible agency. This was followed by a loud and distinct (apparently) human voice, which could be heard, perhaps, fifty rods.

After repeating a very loud and shrill scream several times, the voice fell to a lower key, and in a tone about as loud as ordinary conversation, commenced speaking in a plain and distinct manner, assuring the family that we would not be burned, and requesting us to have no fear of any injury, as we were in no danger. Those manifestations being altogether unaccountable to myself and family, we searched the entire house, to find, if possible, the cause of this new and startling phenomena, but found no one in or about the premises but the family. Again we were startled by a repre-

tion of the screams, which were repeated perhaps a dozen times, when the voices proceeded to inform us that the conversation came from the spirit of two brothers, calling themselves Henry and George Force, and claimed to have been murdered some eleven years since, and then gave us what they represented as a history of the tragedy, and insisted that we should call on some of the neighbors to hear the disclosure. John Ranney, Henry Moore, and some dozen others, were then called in, to whom the history was detailed at length. We could readily discover a difference in the voice professing to come from the two spirits.

About the third day after these manifestations commenced, my wife brought a ham of meat into the house, and laid it on the table, and stepped to the other side of the room, when it was carried by some invisible agency from four to six feet from the table, and thrown upon the floor. At another time a bucket of water was, without human hands, taken from the table, carried some six feet, and poured upon the floor. This was followed by a large dining-table turning round from its position at the side of the room, and carried forward to the stove, a distance of more than six feet. This was done while there was no person near it. The same table has since that time been thrown on its side without human agency, and often been made to dance about while the family were eating around it. At one time, dishes, knives and forks were thrown from the table to the opposite side of the room, breaking the dishes to pieces.

On another occasion the voice requested Mrs. Richardson to remove the dishes from the table, which was done immediately, when the table commenced rocking violently back and forward, and continued the motion, so that the dishes could not be washed upon it, but were placed in a vessel and set upon the floor, from which a number of them flew from the tub to the chamber floor overhead, and were thus broken to pieces. What crockery remained we attempted to secure by placing it in a cupboard, and shut the doors, which were violently thrown open, and the dishes flew like lightning, one after another, against the opposite side, and broke to pieces. At another time a drawer in the table was, while there was no person near it, drawn out, and a plate that had been placed there carried across the room and broken against the opposite wall. And this kind of demonstration has continued until nearly all the crockery about the house has been broken and destroyed.

At different times the drawers of a stand sitting in a bed-room, have been taken out, and at one time carefully placed on a bed. A large stove-boiler has been, while on the stove, filled with water, tipped up, and caused to stand on one end, and the water was turned out upon the floor, and at this time taken off from the stove, and carried some six feet, and set down upon the floor, and this while untouched by any person. A tea-keg has often been taken from the stove in the same manner, and thrown upon the floor. At one time a spider, containing some coffee for the purpose of browning, was taken from the stove, carried near the chamber floor, and then thrown upon the floor. And frequently, while Mrs. Richardson has been baking buckwheat cakes on the stove, the griddle has, in the same unaccountable manner, been taken from the stove and thrown across the house; and often cakes have been taken from the griddle while baking, and disappeared entirely.

At one time the voice, speaking to my wife, said it (the spirit) could bake cakes for George, a boy eating at the table. Mrs. Richardson stepped away from the stove, when the batter (already prepared for baking cakes) was by some unseen agency taken from a crock sitting near the stove, and placed upon the griddle, and turned at the proper time, and when done taken from the griddle, and placed upon the boy's plate at the table. The voice then proposed to bake a cake for Jane, my daughter, who was then at work about the house. The cake was accordingly baked in the same manner as before stated, and carried across the room, and placed in the girl's hand.

During all these occurrences, the talking from the two voices and others has continued, and still continues daily, together with such manifestations as I have detailed, with many others not named. The conversation, as well as the other demonstrations, have been witnessed almost daily by myself and family, as well as by scores of persons, who have visited my house to witness these strange phenomena.

I will only add, that the spirit (the voice) gave as a reason for breaking crockery and destroying property, that it is done to convince the world of the existence of spirit presence.

JOHN RICHARDSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of Jan., 1855.

Wm. J. BRIGHT, Justice of the Peace.

Eliza Jane Richardson, being duly sworn, says: I am the wife of John Richardson, who made the above affidavit. I have witnessed all the manifestations given by my husband in his affidavit, and am of opinion as singing by the voices, and writing without human agency.

ELIZA JANE RICHARDSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of Jan., 1855.

Wm. J. BRIGHT, Justice of the Peace.

James H. Moore, being duly sworn, says: I have witnessed many of the occurrences given by John Richardson in his affidavit, such as conversing with the voices, seeing the table move about, &c.

JAMES H. MOORE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of Jan., 1855.

Wm. J. BRIGHT, Justice of the Peace.

A TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

We publish the following at the request of Friend Hinshaw, as the suggestions it contains may stimulate thought. There can be hardly a second opinion as to the fragmentary character of much that suits popularly under the flag of reformatory, as it tends more to stupefy and degrade the mind of man the world over, and especially in governments where it exists. Hence it greatly stupifies and degrades the mind of man throughout these United States, laying the very foundation for drunkenness.

And the other greater evil is the popular theological religion of the day. I mean mythology, which is called theology, and which is stalking abundantly broad and loud throughout the land.

It tends to stupefy and degrade the mind of man the world over, and especially in governments where it exists. Hence it greatly stupifies and degrades the mind of man throughout these United States, laying the very foundation for drunkenness.

It appears to be a balance of reasoning against the skeptic. We leave our friend in the possession of the laugh, while we take possession of the pile of documents, the testimonies beyond dispute and disbelieve—the facts of modern science—the immense retinue of coincidences in universal experience. How can you believe all wrong?

How can you exert your own eyesight over so large an experience?

Under any view this simplifies the present life; every form of beauty or of terror has its own answering type and correspondence in the next world. The shapes of terror, and of power, of beauty, and of light, are there: the power to realize their presence depends upon our emanipation from the dominion of the outer organs of the senses. Their monarchy over the soul enfeebles it—light may stream through a medium of horn or glass, and it becomes dim or bright in consequence, our power to perceive the relations of the Spiritual world depends upon the fineness of our organism.

“Spirits are not finely tuned But to fine issues.”

[From the Courier.]

Is intemperance from intoxicating drinks the greatest evil there is? and should we exert more of our energy against it than we should against any other evil?

I answer, No! I think there are two greater evils. One of these is involuntary slavery, which, with its influences, causes more drunkenness than drunkenness causes slavery; for it tends more to stupefy and degrade the mind of man the world over, and especially in governments where it exists. Hence it greatly stupifies and degrades the mind of man throughout these United States, laying the very foundation for drunkenness.

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I answer, No! I think there are two greater evils. One of these is involuntary slavery, which, with its influences, causes more drunkenness than drunkenness causes slavery; for it tends more to stupefy and degrade the mind of man the world over, and especially in governments where it exists. Hence it greatly stupifies and degrades the mind of man throughout these United States, laying the very foundation for drunkenness.

And the other greater evil is the popular theological religion of the day. I mean mythology, which is called theology, and which is stalking abundantly broad and loud throughout the land.

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It appears to be a balance of reasoning against the skeptic. We leave our friend in the possession of the laugh, while we take possession of the pile of documents, the testimonies beyond dispute and disbelieve—the facts of modern science—the immense retinue of coincidences in universal experience. How can you believe all wrong?

How can you exert your own eyesight over so large an experience?

Under any view this simplifies the present life; every form of beauty or of terror has its own answering type and correspondence in the next world. The shapes of terror, and of power, of beauty, and of light, are there: the power to realize their presence depends upon our emanipation from the dominion of the outer organs of the senses. Their monarchy over the soul enfeebles it—light may stream through a medium of horn or glass, and it becomes dim or bright in consequence, our power to perceive the relations of the Spiritual world depends upon the fineness of our organism.

“Spirits are not finely tuned But to fine issues.”

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